

Protestant church—of which Rev. H. Altheer is pastor. It is a handsome stone edifice, seated for about 750, and it was filled by a fine congregation. It was communion Sunday. The service was conducted in the German language. At the conclusion of the preliminary service the bulk of the congregation retired. The door was locked. Intending communicants—ninety women and forty men—meanwhile took seats in the front pews—women on one side, men on the other, of the centre aisle. At either end of the communion table stood an elder; the minister standing behind the centre of the table. After reading the warrant, and offering a short prayer, the bread, in form of thin biscuit, was held up and broken in the sight of all. The minister and elders having partaken of the bread and wine, the former moved to the east end of the table while the two elders stood at the west end of it. Those in the pews then came forward in orderly procession, first the men, who after receiving the bread from the minister, passed behind the table to the elders from whom they received the cup and then retired to their seats. The women next came forward in single file and passed round the table as did the men, but in the opposite direction, the relative positions of the ministers and elders having been reversed. Each communicant took three distinct sips of wine, thereby symbolizing, it may be presumed, their assent to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. When all were again seated, a short prayer was offered, a hymn was sung, and the benediction was pronounced. The service was most solemn and impressive.

Eleven a.m. The same church is filled with an English-speaking congregation—all tourists. The prayers and lessons are read by two young men, one of whom becomes embarrassed when he comes to the intercession for kings and governors, but gets through somehow. A short, dark-visaged clergyman, in full canonicals, ascends the pulpit, and preaches an admirable discourse from Luke 7: 47, "Her sins which are many are forgiven," etc. He said he would base his remarks upon the thoughts of a great preacher who had made a special study of this subject. Yet he himself was a great man. The preacher was none other than the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester cathedral—a skilled lin-

guist, sometime editor of the Pulpit Commentary, and a voluminous author. At 4 p.m. we attended choral service in the *Hof-Kirche*, the grand old cathedral, celebrated for its magnificent organ, and no less magnificent organist. Then we strolled through the "Gottesacker"—a large enclosure filled with mural monuments, every one bearing the emblem of the cross, and most of them nearly covered with floral decorations. The inscriptions were very brief, usually followed by a verse of Scripture such as this,—*"Wachet, den ihr wisset nicht welche stunde euer Herr kommen wird;"* Matt. 24: 42. At 5.30 p.m. the *Schweitz-Kirche* was again filled by a fashionable English audience, and again Dean Spence preached a beautiful sermonette from Ephesians 4: 32,—*"Be ye kind one to another."* "How much good often comes from merely a kind look, or a sympathetic touch of the hand! Try to think kindly of others, make allowance for their failings, their different ways of looking at things, their education or the want of it, their eccentricities. How often we indulge in unkind criticism! What if God should judge us as we do too often our fellowmen? *Act kindly; speak kindly—generously.* We have all received more than we can ever repay. We owe it to God and to man to do good to all as we find opportunity."

Those evening bells! Who that has ever heard them chime eight o'clock, in the gloaming of a still Sabbath, can ever forget them? We sat on the hill-side and listened till we fell into a dream. One stroke from the cathedral bell was the signal for all the church bells in town to chime the hour. One at a time; each differing in tone, but all soft and musical, in turn took up the refrain—eight o'clock! Last of all—louder and deeper than all—the great bell of the *Hof-Kirche* thundered eight o'clock! The echoes rolled out into the night air and reverberated from the frowning cliffs of Pilatus. With gradually decreasing force the bellman kept on pulling the ropes for a long time—each impact giving forth a softer sound until at length it died away into a scarcely audible murmur. Listen! I think I hear it still. It is gone! and the stars have taken up their nightly vigils over a scene of matchless repose. Good-night! *Good-night!* J.C.